A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thuſday, May 11. 1710.

HAving taken ſome Liberty in my laſt, to mention the ridiculous Notions People had Entertain'd here, of Changes in the Miniſtry; I thought it were much better to give you ſome Ideas of the People, our High-Church Folks talk of putting in, than of thoſe they would put out——As for the preſent Miniſtry, I need ſay nothing of them, you know them, and have Try'd them; I am no Writer of Panegyricks, nor am I making my Court to them for a great Place, no, nor for a little one neither——So I let that Side alone.

I have told you a little, what a Bleſſed Gang of *Old-Women-Stateſmen*, (if that be proper——And why not, as well as a *She-Man-of-War*, among the Ships) they would put upon us, what hopeful Hands muſt keep our Treaſure; what faithful Creatures our Seals; what able Heads be our Secretaries; what vertuous Debauchees reform our Abuſes; what Coxcombs fill our Cabinets; what Knaves Mannage our Exchequer——And Bleſſed doings we ſhould have! our Appropriated Money would be nicely handled, our Annuities cleverly paid, our publick Service be finely (Sleepily) apply'd too, and our Publick Credit miraculouſly upheld——Indeed it muſt be miraculouſly, if it be at all: When thoſe fine Golden Days, ſhall come upon us—— *Libera nos, &c.*——

Now

Now Gentlemen, if these are the Men, that are to be put in, let us see who they are, that would put them in; if these are the Streams, what are the Fountains? Can a corrupt Fountain send forth pure Water? Pray let us see what Connection here is, between Causes and Consequences; for this strange Work, must have strange Workmen——And this must needs be a necessary Work; for since the Nation is thus divided, 'tis very proper to know who and who is together——I drew them up in Order of Battle Allegorically, but they say, I was not plain enough then ——Indeed some People thought, I was too plain for my own Safety, but they were mistaken too; I can yet be plainer, and shall be so——And who shall Truth be afraid of?

No Knave's above being told that he is so.

This Nation is come to a Time, when the Actions of the Greatest are accounted for by Law; and no Man can run the length, former Ministers of State have ventur'd upon; no Treasurer dare cut Leaves out of his Books; no Auditor pass Accounts Blindfold; no Secretary give Blanks, to pass and re-pass, and Support *French* Correspondence: No, nor will the Nation be again serv'd, by the Men that have done these Things—— And what can that Party be, that would desire it?——Let us enquire about them a little.

The late Dr. *Sacheverell*, who has been made the Mob Head of the Party, and has stood Kick and Cuff for the Cause; since it is his Vanity to be plac'd in the *Van*, let us view him with all his Friends *who are for him*, and who are against him, let us sort the World a little——I will not say all the Bad are on one Side, and all the Good on the other; but let a General Calculation be made, with allowance for very, very, very few Exceptions, and I am perswaded I'll sort them right.

1. Among the Clergy——Shew me a Loose, Vicious, Drunken, Debauch'd, Beastly Priest——Let him be who he will, or where he will, if he Swears, and Drinks, take them one with another, *I'll hold Ten to One*, he is a *High-Flyer*, and for Dr *Sacheverell*.

2. Among the Ladies——Shew me a Virago——A Termagant, a Stride-rider, that loves her Cold Tea, and Swears at her Maids; that Plays all Night, and Drinks Chocolate in her Bed; *I'll hold Five to One*, She's for the Doctor——Walk from St. *Paul's* to St. *James's*, and Pick up all the Whores you can find, *and that will be* 500 *at least, in spite of all the Constables or Reformers*——I Wager what you please, Nineteen in Twenty of them, are for *Sacheverell*——Go into the Cathedral, or into the Theater—Rate the Company in the Quire, and in the Pit, three to one shall Answer for the Doctor.

3. Among the Gentlemen——Is there a Bully, or one of *Tom Brown's* Beasts, *Anglice* a BEAU; is there a Fop, that Talks, and Sings, and Courts, and Disputes, by the motions of his Mathematical Hobby-Horse, *viz.* his little Cane; that is hot or cold, in Temper or out, flat or sharp, as the Cane hangs a Button too high, or too low——That makes his Neck-cloath take Snuff for Decency, learn to Swear Religiously, and Whore Physically; search all the *Chocolate-Houses*, *Gaming-Ordinaries*, *Play-Houses*, and *Coffee-Houses*, they are five of them in six for the Learned Doctor.

4. Among the Party-Men——Shew me a *Jacobite*, shew me a *Non-Juror*, shew me a *Papist*, for every one of them, *I'll shew you a Sacheverellite*; shew me an *Atheist*, a scoffer at Religion, a Blasphemer of his Maker, a Ridiculer of Reformation, and a Contemner of the Laws; three to one, but he is for the Doctor.

5. Among the Rabble——The vilest of the People, the Scum of the Earth, the Drunken, Swearing, Damning, and most Hellishly Debauch'd——

That

That are abhor'd by the very Street, and more remarkable than ordinary for Wickedneſs, theſe are for the Dr. and by conſequence, for his Party—Let any Man Examin the Morals of *Damarie*: the Life and Converſation of *Purchaſe* the *Baily*; let them tell us what they were before; of all the Number taken among the late Mob, let them ſhew us one Man of common good Fame, and we will abate for him——— Damn the *Preſbyterians* was their *Word*; their Teſt of Diſtinction, the Voice of the Croud; he that could not roar out Damnation, was not fit to be among them; the Trial was plain; I'll tell you a ſhort Story of it.

At the Pulling down Mr. *Burgeſs's* Meeting-Houſe, an Honeſt Fellow got in among the Croud, to ſee what they were intended to do; he was obliged to run as they run, haloo as they haloo'd, and toſs'd up his Hat as they did; but whether he did it but coldly, or awkardly, I know not; one among them, thought he was a little too ſober for them———And he picks him out, Damn ye ſays he, why don't you haloo——— Huzza! ſays the Occaſional Conformer, but did not do it right——— Say Damn the *Preſbyterains*——— Cries he again, *The Preſbyterians* ſays t'other, but cut off the *Damn* a little —— *Damn him a Preſbyterian, a Preſbyterian* ſays the Fellow, *for he wont Swear*; and ſo they knockt him down——— If you want a Voucher for this, Gentlemen, I'll bring you the Man, and ſhew you his broken Crown———

And what think you, Gentlemen, are not theſe a Bleſſed Generation, to Reform our Government, and to chooſe from among themſelves, our Magiſtrates, Counſellors, and Miniſters of State?——— Is it not a mighty Incouragement, to bring over the People to the *High-Church* Cauſe? Let but any Body faithfully repreſent this to our Country Free-holders, and let them be told who it is they are moved to Vote for hereafter, to ſave the Church from Danger, and to reſtore Peace, and ſecure the Liberty of *Britain*.

It is great Pity the Nation ſhould be thus Bullied by this ſort of People, and no Body ſtir to open their Eyes, no Body take the Pains to Inform them; were they but told theſe Things, they would ſoon ſtart back from theſe People, and fly from them, as from Devils, and Monſters; the poor People want but to be inform'd, and to have their Eyes open'd a little——And what is it they hate and inſult the Author of this for, why is it they Threaten and Bully him, and are for killing him every Day, tho' not a Villain of them yet, has dar'd to look him in the Face?——— It is becauſe he tells the Country this Truth, and labours to undeceive the Deluded People.

Were it worth while for me, to take any Notice of an Impertinent, that that calls himſelf a *Whig*——— And who was pleaſed lately, in a *Coffee-Houſe*, not far from the *Exchange*, to give himſelf a Liberty with his Tongue, which he is not honeſt enough to give me to my Face——I ſay, if it were worth while to talk to him, I would ſay, go to the Enemy thou blinded, and envious, of all thy Fellows, and ask if their Cauſe, has any Damage by the *Review*?———If not, ask them why they are Angry—And if it has, Correct for ſhame your own want of Senſe, as well as want of Manners, and ſave me the Labour, of Treating you as you deſerve.

I am not Writing, to Court or pleaſe any Body, but to ſerve them——— The Nation's Liberty is the Thing before us—A Wretched Contemptible Party Invade and Aſſault the Conſtitution, Addreſs their Sovereign in Terms they ought by Law to be Indicted for———Careſs the Queen by Invading that very Title her Royal Dignity depends upon, and trump up the Shado-

Shadow of a Title, which would Overthrow her.

I would fain ask those ridiculous Wretches, that banter their Sovereign in the most horrid and unsufferable manner with the new-fashion'd Cant, of her Hereditary Right, to tell the World, how they can have the Impudence to speak in the same Addresses of the Protestant Succession —— What Hereditary Right the Elector of *Hannover* has, on whom the Crown is settled by the same Authority, as it is on the Queen? ——— This is an Art beyond the Devil—— That they can make Hereditary Right, and passing over the next Branches of Blood; stand together ——— That they can reconcile Hereditary Right, and Parliamentary Limitation, in one Breath. In short, it is a most Treasonable and Abhorr'd Invasion of the undoubted Right of the Queen, and the Legal Establish'd Protestant Succession—— To talk of Hereditary Right—— Since the Parliament of *England*, and the Parliament of *Scotland*, have Establish'd the Crown, over the Bellies of the Hereditary Heirs, upon the Line, not as it respects Blood, but Religion; and I wonder when these People come to truckle, under the *Hannover* Succession, what they will say of Hereditary Right, when they come with their flattering Addresses to them.

The Business is plain—— They have Midwifed a Bastard into the World, and they ply it with warm Cloaths, to keep Life in it—By these Addresses, they think they keep the People awake, and their Blood hot ——— They see that without some such thing, the Cause, like all popular Tumults, will die and grow cold, and they have no other way to preserve the Embryo alive—— Nor will this keep it alive long—but it will die, and the Nation will come to their Senses again, in spight of all their endeavours to the contrary.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This Day is Publish'd,

INstructions from *Rome* in Favour of the Pretender, Inscrib'd to the most Elevated *Don Sacheverello*, and his Brother *Don Higginisco*; and which all *Perkinites*, *Non-Jurors*, *High-Flyers*, *Popish-Desirers*, *Wooden-Shoe Admirers*, and absolute *Non Resistance Drivers*, are obliged to Pursue, and Maintain (under pain of his Unholiness's Damnation) in order to carry on their intended Subversion of a Government, fix'd upon Revolution Principles. Sold by *J. Baker*, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. Price 2 *d*. Where may be had, the *Idol* of *Paris*. Written by a Lady, now upon her Departure for the *New Atalantis*. (Price 1 Penny.)

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